

The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

VOLUME XXIV. No. 11

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, MARCH 2, 1927

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: The Collegian is published twice a month by the students of Saint Mary's College, Oakland, California. Subscription, \$1.00 per Semester, payable in advance, postage prepaid. Single copies, 15 cents.

Address all communications to The Collegian, Saint Mary's College, Oakland, California. Make all checks payable to The Collegian.

Entered as second class matter October 4, 1922, at the postoffice, at Oakland, California, under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1163, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 4, 1922.

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TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR



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EDITORIALS

OF OTHER PAPERS

I.

THE latest contemporary college newspaper to hand carries a very naive news article. In that college there is a legal fraternity, and this fraternity, as fraternities are wont to do, gave a dinner dance at some hotel or other. All this was in the ordinary course of events, and would no doubt have been recorded after the usual fashion by some college journalist grown weary of describing "the soft glamor of subdued lights," "exotic music," and "excellent cuisine," had not the editor of the paper received a very unusual letter. It seems that the manager of the particular hotel in which the dance was given had had some none too pleasant experiences with college lads, and had agreed to let his hotel for this affair not without some apprehension. Imagine his gratification then, when he found the evening at an end and no murder, mayhem, assault, burglary, or arson done nor attempted; no bell-boy had to be rescued from the flagpole, nor any waiter from the ice-box; the overstuffed chairs remained overstuffed, and no one made off with the main chandelier; no guest complained of being bumped down the elevator shaft by a student chasing imaginary butterflies, nor any that his slumbers were disturbed by the plaintive caterwauling of "Sweet Adeline"—truly, here was matter for congratulation, and our manager post haste proceeded to congratulate. He sat him down and penned an effusion more garbled, let us hope, by the intense emotional strain this happy surprise had placed him under than by his incapacity for cogent utterance. He said that to one Mr. Gilhooley should go the credit for the unprecedented behavior of the collegians; Mr. Gilhooley, it appears, had the situation quite in hand and his dancing brethren never so much as strayed out of his sight; all gentlemen espied with smoking stands and other movables protruding from their clothes were no doubt admonished by the alert Mr. Gilhooley to replace their pelf, and were perhaps given a lecture on property rights into the bargain. As a result of the happy outcome of this dance, not only does the manager stand willing and ready to leave his hostelry to the tender mercies of those collegians again, always providing, of course, the

redoubtable Mr. Gilhooley be on duty, but also the news that a fraternity dance has been held without loss of life, limb, or property, will echo and re-echo through all the halls of learning in the land. Students are provided with an object lesson of the heights of civilization to which they may aspire, and another glorious page of the glorious record of man's progress has been turned. The process of weaning college students from the custom of creating general havoc whether there was a fraternity dance going on or not has been a slow one, but since the Middle Ages progress has been fairly steady save for one notable period of relapse along in the nineties. This, the first known instance of general gentlemanly behavior at what has remained the last stronghold of rowdiness among collegians—we mean the fraternity dance—should be hailed with salvos of applause by the mild-mannered, but untiring gentlemen who have been striving since the earliest days of education to make nice boys out of college boys.

II.

HAVING sometime since given over the idea of bringing forth an editorial good enough to take the trouble to write well, we have, as you may have noticed, turned to college papers, newspapers, and contemporary periodicals, for inspiration, when, of necessity we must write something. We are not in the least surprised nor chagrined to see that Mr. Hearst owns as many newspapers and magazines and sways as many minds now as he did before we reviewed his ideas on censorship, nor that Mr. Brisbane and Mr. Lessing felt never a tremor on their respective thrones despite feeble protests from us, nor that "Liberty" is now giving even a bigger and better nickle's worth, even if we don't like its editorials, but our exploits on the field of college journalism have not turned out so well.

There seems to be among college editors, a traditional spirit of resentment against adverse criticism. Anyone may concoct the most sickening twaddle in praise of a college journal—bilge that the editor, if he has any understanding at all, must know is so much south wind—and the editor will smile fatuously and reprint the remarks in a special department labelled "What others think of us." But let some writer call a spade a spade, and your college editor will first off write in high dudgeon to the offending critic, expressing a consuming desire to be some miles nearer so that he could tweak that upstart's nose, and secondly, he will deal his most crushing blow: the upstart's name will be removed from his mailing list, with a note to future editors that he is a bad lot, and is best left in exterior darkness. If the upstart recovers from this sore affliction, it is no doubt hoped by the offended editor that he will have learned his lesson.

There was a Collegian editor some years ago who was of a mind to talk nothing but sense in his magazine, and he engaged his exchange editor on that score. Now with this exchange editor, respect for other magazines was no priori principle: he was possessed of a healthy distaste for the immature vaporings of the average college journalist, and expressed his distaste so trenchantly that the Collegian was in a fair way to receive no exchanges at all. Since this, at the time, would never do, the young gentleman was given another post, and the Collegian continued to receive the magazines that hadn't been too grievously insulted.

This is a very pretty way of doing business, to be sure, but it works something of a hard-

ship on the critic who doesn't care to talk unless he has something to say, and who doesn't care to judge unless he feels that his judgment is an honest one, worthy the consideration of honest men. And it works something of a hardship on the writer who is hard put to find something to write about, and harder put to find something easy to write about. So, begging all your pardons, we will continue to speak in a light vein of some of the efforts of our contemporaries.

MORE OF THE CENSORSHIP'S HANDIWORK

SOME weeks ago there was put on the boards in New York a play that had been tried and had failed in England. Possessed of an unassuming title, written by a mediocre playwright, and enacted by actors of indifferent talents, the piece was sized up by the English people for what it was: as big a dose of nothing whatever as could be surrounded by stage directions. However, New York producers, and New York audiences, are not so particular what brand of rubbish they pay their money for, so the production was booked for a run in that metropolis. The New York manager, knowing what the people want, and being in no way averse to giving them just that, if not better, was not disposed to leave the unassuming title as it was, but re-christened the play, "The Virgin Man." One week went by and the production was viewed with indifference by critics and audiences so that it was feared by the manager that he would have to go in search of another play which would lend itself to re-christening. But this turned out to be wholly unnecessary; a group of the city censors, attracted by the title, viewed the play and pronounced it evil. They ordered the doors to be shut and the play to be discarded. The city tried to carry out their orders, but the manager, who knew a trick or two, got out an injunction preventing the municipal authorities from carrying out their noble program. Since that time, the house has been sold out for never less than three weeks in advance, in spite of all the manful endeavors of the cleanser committee to keep the people pure and unsullied.

It would seem that the city fathers of New York, living in this most enlightened age, and in that most enlightened metropolis as they do, would have at least the common sense to know that they can't keep the people pure and unsullied by their bungling efforts to close up all tainted shows. If they feel that they really must keep people away from that sort of thing, they'd do well to contrive legislation not so open to court injunctions as their present ordinances are. If, however, they are seeking merely the good of the people, they'll find themselves up against a stone wall in very short order; the people are not such fools as to let a reactionary set of nincompoops interfere with their foolery; and if the people take it into their addled pates to beguile themselves with alleged realism, they'll get their bellies full of swill maugre all the efforts the cleanser committee can put forth. The day is past, if it ever was present, when the public's taste can be reformed by telling them that their present tastes are naughty, and placing ineffectual barriers in the way of their gratifying those tastes. But so long as the censors busy themselves trying to shut up theatres, so long will the people come in droves to view what they have every reason to believe is naughty, and so long will the managers wax fat from increased box office receipts.

THE THESIS PLAY

SOME one has recently given vent to an expression which carries with it no small portion of personal conviction: "All the outstanding literary personages of today, first and foremost are lay preachers—" Surely, this is a sweeping conclusion to make, but in view of the subsequent enumeration: "Shaw, Wells, Bennet, Galsworthy, Masfield, Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc," it seems to me to be well nigh the truth. Each of these writers mentioned, has preached in one form or another, and the blurb and hubbub of the multitudes in response to their efforts seems to attest their achievement. However, whether such preaching is legitimate, right and proper, or whether such commotion over it is to a good or bad end, does not directly concern us. Our task is to present a few facts pertinent to such of these preaching litterateurs who inveigle the drama into an instrument of their vocation, thereby rendering it of the thesis type.

Long before technique, classification, or differentiation between the various sorts of plays was ever realized, the thesis play functioned as a significant factor of life. Nearly every tragedy of Greece and Rome taught of the everlasting conflict between man and destiny—a lesson well worth deep reflection to the refined Athenian, and the majestic Roman. Likewise, the Greek and Roman comedies in their turn satirized the petty and ridiculous customs of the times, thereby giving the people certain ideas of reform. Similarly was the nature and intent of the miracle and morality plays of the Middle Ages. All more or less afforded a means of disseminating personal ideas. In fact, though the drama does not essentially require the thesis element, it generally manifests some attribute of this element. This condition is probably due to the fact that it is in the nature of man to prod at the foibles of his neighbor, and that it is instinctive for him to assert his personal views and outlook upon others. However, the thesis play with this connotation: to preach a lesson, to urge a correction, to ridicule a habit of custom,—is the broad and extensive use of the term. In its stricter sense, the thesis play is of modern origin, and applies to those plays in which the author endeavors to project some pet ideas of his through the medium of his characters. These ideas are most often based on the philosophy of the author—if he has one—and may have no direct relation to the plan in hand; or they may discover themselves enveloped with the structure and intent of a complete play. Such in general are the nature of the dramas of Ibsen, Shaw, and Galsworthy.

For an illustration from the proximate past, the Ibsenian productions may prove adequate. Ibsen did not merely think his philosophy, he preached it as well, and his plays were the means of conveyance. Thus, in "The Doll's House," his belief in individualism is strongly put forth—there is no need for maternal love, or for filial affection; the self is the only thing to look after. Children, eight years of a happy married life, must all go to smithereens for realization of the self has been awakened, and it shall be realized! . . . Again, in the "Pillars of Society" Ibsen preaches his other element of life, which is society—it is of no good influence; it is but a damper upon the possibility of self-expression, and religion its accomplice simply adds to the difficulty of self-expression. . . .

At the present we have two magnificent exponents of the thesis play, Galsworthy and Shaw. Of the two, Galsworthy is the more conservative, even though his "Strife" is but a moral instruction upon strife. It must be understood that a play can be one of pre-eminence, and be beautiful, literary, dramatic, and capable of successful production, and still be a thesis drama. Such is the case with "Strife," and Galsworthy's two other important plays, "The Silver Box," and "Justice," the first being a representation of a quarrel between two classes, the latter an instruction upon the virtue of Justice as it is not.

For an exemplar, a masterhand, or more pertinently, for a blatant and enthused father of this sort of drama, Bernard Shaw is perhaps the most notorious. It seems as though his only purpose, his chief source of popularity, his be-all and end-all is the projection of his ideas upon the populace. Of course this is only a "seeming," and far from precludes the obvious fact that Shaw is an artful and brilliant dramatist. Undoubtedly he can write, assuredly he

knows how to be witty and paradoxical, and confidently Shaw is eager to put, and does put emotion into the drama. But, emotion is the term, for he certainly does like to prattle, to present his notions bluntly before the public in a most stirring and excited manner. He arouses his audience in a most obstinate way, then snaps his fingers, offers a sardonic grin, and finally remarks: "This is my thought upon the subject, take it if you please." His many long prefaces, and the preaching type of speeches which his characters often make would seem to verify this view. Moreover, his peculiar words by which he defends his "Man and Superman," also appear to lend not a little weight to this point in question: "The real superman will snap his superfingers at all man's present trumpery ideals of right, duty, honor." Finally, this liking to vehement empty speech, this tendency to expound upon his ideas of what should be, and what should not be may be seen from a general view of his numerous plays. Most of them contain some germ of revolution to modern standards, and if considered and weighed carefully, will reveal the fact that Shaw merits popularity because he likes to be different. Not the difference of the reasonable nature,—for Shaw's mind is bent upon projecting his views, in contradiction to everything else. So, in and through his "Man and Superman," his "Devil's Disciple," and other thesis plays, he gives vent to his philosophy of unmitigated pessimism, putting, as one editor has it, Shopenhauer in the shade.

Such is the nature of a thesis play, and such are three illustrations of its advocates. It may be good or bad, bad or worse, or worse or worst,—however, one thing is certain: the thesis element is not intrinsic to the drama; and thus a play may be good, bad, or mediocre, with or without this element.

—BROTHER PIUS.

LADY GREGORY

LADY GREGORY, nee Isabella Augusta Persse, was born of an old family of Roxborough. In 1880 she married Sir William Henry Gregory of Coole Parke, Galway, who had been a member of the Parliament for Galway and Dublin, and Governor of Ceylon, where he founded the Columbo Museum, and whose autobiography Lady Gregory edited in 1894. In 1898 she edited Mr. Gregory's Letter Box, the correspondence between the years 1812-30 of her husband's father, William Gregory, former Under Secretary of State for Ireland.

Deeply interested in the movement known as the Irish Literary Revival, which was well under way in the nineties, Lady Gregory was a constant friend of William Butler Yeats, on the whole the Representative man of that movement, who owed much to her help and encouragement. Her renderings of the Irish sagas in "Cuchulaine of Muirtemne" (1902), and the "Gods and Fighting Men," (1904), a substantial literary achievement and, more closely than other translations, they stand in a relation of the works of Mallory and Lady Charlotte Guest to the Arthurian romance.

A novel and most effective feature of Lady Gregory's renderings is the use of the Irish idiom, the modified form of English, fashioned by the Celtic peasant to express better the thoughts and feelings which formerly found utterance in the expiring Gaelic tongue. Taking a lively interest in the dramatic side of the Literary Revival, Lady Gregory devoted herself especially to the Irish Literary Theatre in Dublin, which she and Yeats, Edward Martin and George Moore were instrumental in founding in 1899, and which now is comfortably established as the endowed Abbey Theatre.

In addition to her two most important books named above, Lady Gregory wrote short stories, sketches and short plays. Her work as a playwright grew out of the assistance she rendered to Yeats in his dramatic activities. George Moore says that she collaborated with Yeats in his "Kathleene of Houlihan" and "A Pot of Broth." One interesting phase was her translation of three plays of Moliere into the Irish idiom, which were published as "The Kiltartan Moliere" (1910). She had applied the same proceedings to Sudermann's "Teja" in 1908, and to Goldoni's "Mirandolina" in 1910.

Two closely related interests have always divided Lady Gregory's attention. Her occupation with the Irish Players has been constant, and she has from the beginning been a director of the Abbey Theatre,

where "Spreading the News" was first performed on December 27, 1904. This play was also included in the American repertory of the players, whom Lady Gregory accompanied on their visit to the United States in 1911. The spirit that she puts into her work with them is illustrated by those lines of Blake which she quoted in a speech made at a dinner given her by The Outlook when she was in New York. Her hard work having been commented on, she replied:

"I will not cease from mental grief
Or let the sword fall from my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In Ireland's fair and lovely land."

In her book on Our Irish Theatre, a Chapter of Autobiography, she relates the story of how one day when she assembled the company for rehearsal in Washington, D. C., she invited them to leave their work and come with her to Mount Vernon for a holiday and picnic, "I told them," she writes, "the holiday was not a precedent, for we might go to a great many countries before finding so great a man to honor." Washington, it seems, had been a friend of her grandfather's who had been in America with his regiment.

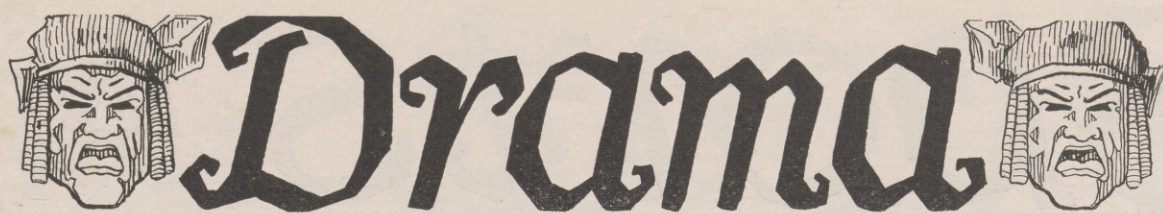
Her other great interest has been the folklore of Ireland. She has been called the Irish Mallory, because through her retelling of the Irish sagas, she has popularized and made accessible the great cycles of heroic legends. She has employed for the vernacular of these romances and folk tales which she calls Kiltartan English, Kiltartan being the village near her home, the dialect of which she has assimilated and utilized. Lady Gregory has also used her historical and legendary knowledge for the background of some of her plays.

It is said that the original impulse that influenced Lady Gregory to interest herself in these old Irish stories came from Yeates. It was his suggestion in the first place that led to her writing "Chuchulain of Muirthemne." "He could not have been long at Coole," writes George Moore of Yeats, "before he began to draw her attention to the beauty of the literature that rises among the hills and bubbles irresponsibly, and set her going from cabin to cabin taking down stories, and encouraging her to learn the original language of the country, so that they might add to the Irish idiom which the peasant had already translated into English, making in this way a language for themselves." The influence continues, for her latest book, "Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland," contains two essays and notes from the pen of Yeats.

Her genius in dramatic writing shines most in exaggerated comedy and farcical dialogues. Those plays in which she essays tragedy, romantically and fictitiously conceived, do not lend themselves to the stage, for she is without the gifts necessary to success in that form of drama in which Synge is eminently beyond all his contemporaries whether in Ireland or England. Style and fine speeches drama may contain, but it can never be built upon these alone. The greatness of Synge lies in his large poetic conception, his broad outline, his massing of light and shadow, and not in style. If, however, Lady Gregory is by no means at her best in romantic drama, she has the power to write dialogue in a mood of everyday humor, with whimsical turns of thought and expression, that is quick, easy and flexible and it is this faculty which makes her short farcical sketches the finest of their kind the Abbey Theatre has produced. Not only is the economy in word and phrased admirable, the touch incomparably light and deft, but her humor, though exaggerated and grotesque though it may sometimes be, never blunderingly transgresses the limits of the probable or destroys illusions by grating needlessly against our powers of belief. Lady Gregory's historical plays are best read; her farces are equally good in the reading and on the stages. Their niceness and aptitude in the portrayal of character through swift and easy dialogues has rarely been equaled.

In all these one-act plays, the dexterity of the dialogue, the neatness of artifice, the interlocking of misconception and cross-purpose have the perfection of an effortless feat in skilful juggling, a combination of thought and speech which Lady Gregory gives to her characters. There is, for example, the old army pensioner who takes pride of scholarship in the memory that once he used to sleep "in the one bed with two boys that were learning Greek."

—CLARENCE LEAL.



Drama

I. R. McVAY

THE PATSY

The famous Fulton Players, more than once accepted as infamous for their slipshod work, a difficulty experienced by many hard-working stock performers, have had enough consecutive performances to work out a definitely pleasing comedy in their latest, "The Patsy." Its formula guaranteeing it as a crowd pleaser, is made up of smart replies by the leading lady,—too smart we thought to be the products of even an accepted wit; in fact they had every appearance of being the laborious conceptions of a movie "gag" man, and the comic arrangement of some dramatic irony, amusing and quite laughable.

The first act begun, its halting progress being carried on by the alleged wit of Patricia Harrington (Shirley Grey) until the appearance of Patsy's muchly wanted man, late in the first act. With few exceptions, the scenes presenting these two were the actual back-bone of the comedy, the others were generally poor by comparison and actuality. These facts are to the cost of the author; they revealed a none too expert a craftsmanship on his part. Other difficulties cropped out in cases of overacting of which Dorothy Desmond playing the role of Grace Harrington was the principle offender. In the author's case, his conception of the mother of Patsy was never quite accurately revealed; he seems to be quite unreasonable with the character, sacrificing her in order that the heroine may receive the benefit of the sympathies of the audience. Mrs. Harrington (Olive West) isn't the usual type of silver haired, self-sacrificing stage mother, rather, a selfish individual who, in the play falls short of what the author intended her to be. She is alternately very silly and reminiscent of something that Eugene O'Neill might have written.

A most irritating character is that of Grace Harrington, the favored daughter of this family. All that the hero-

ine represents as good, this daughter represents as the opposite. It is a decided exaggeration for the obvious purpose of furthering attention on sister Patsy's excellence. The character was given in a very high key, real enough, we suppose, in certain families, but withal, the nagging, nasal tone was provocative of a desire to throw something at her or get out of hearing distance. But Bill Harrington (Leo Lindhard), the father, was done by that actor in a skillful and sympathetic manner. It was a pleasure to watch him, not only in his own work, but while other performers were speaking, always helping their speech.

Whoever stages the plays at the Fulton is either none too careful of stage movement or is doing the best that is possible with a small stage. A very mathematical precision characterized much of the movements of the actors even to the point of distraction, giving the characters the appearance of being suddenly jerked by strings to move like puppets. There is a really very simple remedy when one realizes the difficulty; for why should a character move in any other manner than in character instead of so abruptly for all the world as though following chalked lines marked out for just that purpose?

Our story relates of a younger sister, in love with a rejected suitor of her sister. The first act drags somewhat, until the appearance of Tony Anderson (Norman Field), who is at that time very much enamoured of the older sister, despite her regard of him as a frightful bore. Baby sister manages to make him convinced that he ought to help her polish up her technique so that she may win the man she loves. Of course, the fun begins when Tony, never suspecting that he is the victim of his own invention, outlines an elaborate plan for the capture of the desired man. Naturally the scenes which follow are full of real laughter until it is forcibly revealed to the unsuspecting but now changed Tony, that he is the man.

The sporadic cries of outraged theatre-goers treated to the dubiously pleasurable plays on the order of "Sex," "The Shanghai Gesture," "Ladies of the Evening," "The Captive," "Lulu Belle," and revues "glorifying the human form," have caused official dignity in the person of Mayor Walker of New York to warn producers that they must behave, otherwise someone will be wondering "who killed Cock Robin." When ever-clumsy censorship attempts to determine what is nice and what isn't nice. Whereupon David Belasco pointed out the problem of the producer in a reply that he lost many dollars on plays that were "clean," and had made money by producing plays with a punch, not necessarily dramatic. All of which is in indirect revelation of the extraordinary lack of taste in large groups.

A lengthy explanation might be offered to throw light on the blameable party in the production of this smudgy material in drama. We believe in the last analysis the situation is accountable to the great amounts of money invested in the theatrical business. Because it is a business it can't lie idle and make money, thereby necessitating the production of a great deal of assorted stuff, which must please a large number and may or may not be dramatic. So if the producer must sell to low appreciation he isn't so particular about the quality of his product. But that is no excuse for a producer. If he is no more than a capable financier and qualifies neither in learning nor critical taste, he is unable to appreciate sound dramaturgy and a continent handling of life, with the result that his productions are crude, misrepresentations, garish displays and overemphasis passing for reality and drama. Likewise he who patronizes unworthiness tells little stories about himself, and if you depend on this latter gentleman's dollar you must please him. And couldn't we conclude that "excellence by its very nature is rare?"

—I. R. M.

Patronize The Collegian Advertisers

BROTHER LEO SPEAKS IN SAN FRANCISCO

On the evening of February 10, Brother Leo, of the Saint Mary's College faculty, spoke before a large gathering of people in the Colonial Room of the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. The affair was in the nature of a lecture on three of the men of letters of the day, George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells and Hilaire Belloc. The lecture was given under the auspices of the A. P. G. U. Society, the only literary society that Saint Mary's boasts. The members of the society worked hard to make the lecture a success, and are to be complimented upon the excellent manner in which the lecture was conducted. Between eight and nine hundred people were in attendance, the Colonial Room being so crowded that it was necessary for a large number to remain standing during the lecture.

The evening's entertainment began with a violin solo by Bernard Halligan, accompanied by Andrew Pon, and after an encore number, both of which were well rendered by Mr. Halligan, and well received by the audience, Brother Leo opened his lecture and, it is needless to say, held his audience spellbound during the entire lecture, which lasted a good hour and a half.

Probably some of the admirers of Shaw and Wells were not in sympathy with all that Brother Leo said of these two men, but we feel safe in saying that he was just in all that he said of these two, and Belloc the third of the trio that constituted the lecture. Belloc, in so far as he could be compared with the other two, was held by Brother Leo to be far the deepest and clearest thinker of the three, a fact which is brought out in the writings of this particular individual.

The lecture was a decided success, and something new in the annals of Saint Mary's history, as well as in the history of the A. P. G. U. The members of the society feel assured that their efforts in arranging this event were not in vain.

The A. P. G. U. is worthy of a great deal of praise for the interest they succeeded in arousing for this lecture, and we, who were in attendance, feel that our heartiest thanks are due the A. P. G. U. for the interest they showed in the lecture, and it is our sincerest hope that this society will continue the good work thus begun in the future.

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Sports



RAYMOND J. ARATA, Editor

SAINT MARY'S VS. SANTA CLARA

In a game replete with thrills, the Saint Mary's crippled Varsity managed to nose out the Santa Clara Broncos by one point, winning 24 to 23. It was one of those games in which the score see-sawed back and forth, first one team, then the other having the upper hand. The dazzling pass-work and spectacular bucket shooting on the part of both teams brought the spectators to their feet time and again throughout the contest, the outcome being in doubt till a few minutes before the final gun, when Ray Arata looped a beautiful side court shot for what proved to be the winning bucket.

After the customary warming up the two teams took the floor prepared to fight to the last whistle. Both teams employing a five-man defense, made the scoring slow at the beginning, it being fully five minutes before Santa Clara broke the ice by sinking a free throw. During this period however, there was plenty of pep and action. It was not long before big Sig Lien pocketed a free throw to tie the score. The Broncos however, were not to be denied, sinking in rapid succession a spectacular field goal and a free throw, making the score 4 to 1. It was here that Arata shot his first field goal, a beautiful shot from center, which was closely followed by the sinking of a free throw by Jerry Linares, tying the score at four all. Back came Santa Clara to take the lead when a shot from the side court beyond center went swishing through the bucket. From here on, during the remainder of the first half the Broncos maintained a slight lead. However, Eddie Tazer, the marked man of the evening, rang the bell to tie the score once again at eleven all. The Broncos came back, however, to take the lead 13-11 a few seconds before the gun sounded. It

must be noted that not once during the first half was there a bucket made under either team's basket, which speaks well for the type of defense executed by both teams. All shots coming from mid-court or via the free throw route.

In the second half the play was about the same, but it was not long before the fighting Saints overcame the lead and for the first time were out in front. The Broncos kept on pressing and fighting and finally their efforts were crowned with success and they took the lead, 21-28. Once more the Saints came back. Underhill sunk a bucket, and Tazer sunk one. The score was now, Saints 22, Broncos 21. This looked good, but the outcome looked even easier when Arata sunk the field goal which later proved to be the winning tally. Santa Clara was now desperate. They managed to work the ball up the field, and put in a goal under the basket, about the only one under basket shot of the evening. The crowd at this point were on their feet yelling either for the gun or another bucket from the Broncos. The wishes of the former were answered.

For the Saints Captain Jim Underhill played his usual consistent game, fighting hard the whole time. He also had the eye for the bucket. Eddie Tazer had the whole Santa Clara team on him and consequently did not shoot as many points as he has been wont to do. Nevertheless Eddie was able to dodge the defense to ring the bell on numerous occasions. Lien was a tower of strength on defense, stopping most everything that came his way. By way of variety, Sig sunk two fouls to swell the grand total. Ike Frankain, who substituted a few minutes for Arata, played hard and well during his short stay on the court.

The game was enlivened by organized rooting on the part of the students

of both colleges, which lent a great deal of color to the contest.

—N. S.

SAINTS BEAT THE WINGED O

No Kentucky Derby was as closely contested as the Saint Mary's-Olympic Club basketball game last Saturday night. After a neck and neck race thru the entire game, the Saint Mary's fans breathed easier, when they heard the final whistle sound with the Saints leading 31-29.

Saint Mary's started off with a bang. Within a minute of starting time, the team worked the ball down to their goal, and Eddie Tazer shot a basket. The speed and plays of both teams gave promise of an exciting game from the opening whistle. It was evident before long that Eddie Tazer had his eye on the basket for the evening and that his teammates were going to give a first class exhibition of basketball. Each team made point for point and shot for shot, until the half, when the Saints clung to a 16-15 lead. Things looked bad for the Saints in the first half, when Heinie Driscoll injured his ankle, but "Octy" Johnson stepped in and saved the day.

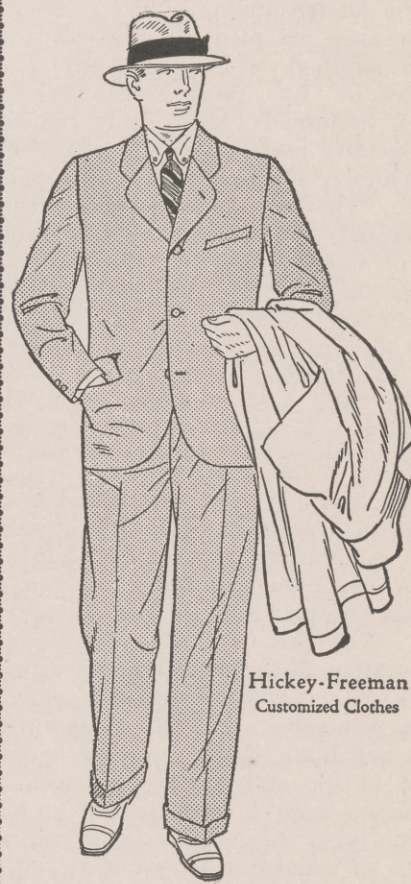
The second half brought more excitement than enough. Three men of the Club squad had to be sent to the bench during this period of the game. The Olympians stormed the Saint basket and tightened up, and the shooting of Jimmy Underhill and Eddie Tazer pulled the Saints out of the hole. Another shot by Tazer gave the Saints a two point lead at the conclusion of the game.

It would be hard to name a single star of the game as every man played fine ball. Eddie Tazer shot the winning basket, bringing his total of points for the game to fifteen. He played a fine game at forward and his work stood out during the entire contest. Jimmy Underhill scored 8 points in the game, and was a menace to the Winged O players as well as being a big factor in overcoming the Olympic lead. Jerry Linares starred on the floor, spoiling Olympic shots, and working hand in hand with Eddie Tazer to bring home the bacon.

Sig Lien performed brilliantly at guard, hurling the ball out of the danger zone continuously. Heinie Driscoll was going great guns when he injured his ankle in the first half and had to be replaced by Octy Johnson. Octy was no sooner in the game than he shot a basket. Getting right into the fray he did a lot of valuable work with Sig Lien and showed up equally as well on offensive as on defensive.

SAINTS DROP ONE TO IGNATIANS

In one of the best games played around these parts during the current season the Saint Ignatius basketball team defeated the Saint Mary's Varsity 26-22. The game was hard fought and replete with spectacular plays and wonderful shots. The "Gray Fog" started out as if they were going to clean up the floor with the Saints. Two pretty buckets by Ray Maloney, star Ignatian forward, plus a free throw,

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ED SMIDDY

Sports



NOEL SULLIVAN

made the score 5-0 in favor of the city team. However, it was not long before both the offense and the defense of the "Galloping Gaels" came to life. Then the fire-works started.

Throughout the first half Saint Ignatius held the upper hand, due to occasional buckets by Maloney and Morrissey, coupled with numerous conversions of foul throws. Olsen, Grey Fog running guard, also made his presence known by very consistent guarding. For the Saints, Linares and Tazer did the greatest part of the shooting, and so well did they do it that at the end of the first half the score was 14-13 in favor of the Saints. This looked pretty good.

In the second half the Saints came back with a vengeance. However, they were unable to go very far; sure shots were hitting the hoop, rolling around and then obligingly rolling out. Also the inability of the team to convert fouls in the end cost them the game.

For the most part the second half was a repetition of the first. The score seesawed back and forth until finally, with about five minutes to go, the Saints were leading 21-20. Here the "Gray Fog" took a spurt. Two buckets in rapid succession ran the score up to 24-21 in the Ignatian's favor. At this point the Saints shot a foul and the score was 24-22. Soon after Ray Maloney came through with a bucket that cinched the game.

For the Saints Tazer played his usual steady game, sinking 9 points, making him high point man of the evening. Jerry Linares also played a fine game sinking three field goals, two of them very spectacular. Octy Johnson and Sig Lein, the two Nordics, played fine games on defense.

In the preliminary to the second

Saint Mary's-Saint Ignatius battle, the Saint Mary's Frosh defeated the Ignatian Reserves by the tune of 31-13. The Frosh, led by Butch Simas, ran roughshod over the Goofs, sinking buckets from all over the court.

The Frosh worked as a unit, passing flawlessly, and shooting with dead-eye accuracy. Once the game was in hand, Coach Conlan began to send in all his "subs," so that almost all the boys had a chance to cavort. —N. S.

SAINT MARY'S 36, PACIFIC 21

For the second time this season, the Varsity basketball team defeated the College of the Pacific cagers in a fast game played on the St. Elizabeth court by the score of 36 to 21.

The game found the Saints showing some of the best team work that they have displayed all season. Their well executed plays were able to pierce the Tigers' defense, and seldom were the Saints not well formed to break up any attempt to work the ball under the basket.

The game was again featured by the fine shooting of Captain Underhill and Eddie Tazer for the winners, and by Easterbrook, the Pacific center, who made some very difficult shots. Lien played his usual steady game, seldom ever failing to take the ball off the backboard. He was ably assisted by Gale Johnson, subbing for Driscoll, who was out of the game with a bad ankle.

The Saints started the game using their short passing attack, and were able to run up a total of 11 points before their opponents could score a field goal. The half ended with the Saints in a commanding lead of 18 to 7. In the second half the men from Stockton took their turn. Sinking many hard

shots they almost tied the score, but after Linares dropped two long ones the Saints found the basket and increased their lead to win easily.

As the game was drawing to a close, Underhill passed to Sig Lien near the center of the court. Lien dribbled over to one side, shot the ball high into the air, it dropping through the hoop for the first field goal that the big blonde has made since playing on the Varsity. Later in the dressing room, Coach Madigan said that hereafter, that ball would be kept for Sig to practice with. The Score:—

SAINT MARY'S—

	F.	F.T.	T.
Tazer	2	6	14
Schwagerl	0	0	0
Linares	1	2	5
Underhill	1	5	11
Johnson	0	1	2
Frankain	0	1	2
Lien	0	1	2

COLLEGE OF PACIFIC—

	F.	F.T.	T.
Stark	2	0	2
Koin	0	0	0
McArthur	0	2	4
Easterbrook	0	4	8
Royse	3	1	5
Truman	0	1	2
Jucoby	0	0	0

In the preliminary game the Freshmen defeated the 143d Field Artillery team by a score of 44 to 31. The Freshmen outclassed their opponents in all departments, every one being given a chance to play. The first half was slowed up by many fouls and the Freshmen's inability to find the basket. Getting started rather late, thru the shooting of Noonan and Semas, the young Saints were able to win without much trouble. This game marked the end of a very successful season for our first real Freshman team.

CARDINALS BEAT FROSH

The Saint Mary's Frosh was beaten by the Olympic Club 145 pound team on Saturday evening, February 12th. The Cardinal's speed, coupled with their team work, enabled them to score a 32-18 victory over the Saints.

The Freshmen lost the lead early in the first half and were never able to regain it. The Cardinal quintet stormed the Frosh basket for 19 points against Saint Mary's 10 in the first half. In the second half the Saints sought in vain for an effective means to beat the Cardinals. Dick Scarlett seemed to be the only one able to ring the basket, and the majority of his shots were made by fouls. The final whistle found the Frosh trailing 32-18.

Scarlett was high point man of the team, having scored 10 points. Noonan came second with 6 points and played a good floor game. Pitchford gave a good account of himself at guard, and rang two fouls as well. O'Brien displayed his usual shiftiness, but could not evade the Olympic men to shoot any baskets. Gardiner, Haley, Strobino and Brown did well in their respective positions, but did not score. The team seemed to miss the work of Butch Simas, who did not play.

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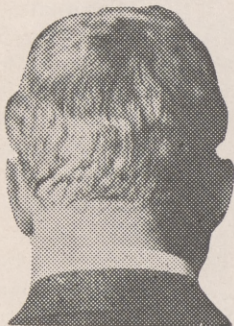
* * *

Caesar built the first roads in France out of Gaul stones.

* * *

The roofs of the catacombs were not supported by Caterpillars.

* * *



OUR CHINESE
CORRESPONDENT

This is an exclusive fotograf of Gaston Kelly, our Correspondent who is covering the Chinese War, taken during the great naval engagement between the Yellow Peril and the Black Plague on the Mongolian desert. As you may see, Gaston is very busily engaged in watching the manouvers of the two Armies. It is rumored that the Yellow Peril will lose because the students at Canton University have protested against compulsory R. O. T. C.

* * *

"Is Jack egotistical? Why he read Mercier's Psychology, and because he couldn't understand it, he decided it was a misprint."

* * *

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* * *

John: "I can't skate."

Gaunt: "Why?"

John: "I ain't got some ice."

* * *

NEW ART WAR

The Anti-Saloon League and the A. P. G. U. have protested to the Supreme Court that several of the pictures hung

in the corridors of Saint Mary's are indecent and immoral. A committee from both organizations has prepared a removal petition for the two pictures hanging in the corridor near room 412 and it is reported that students have been eagerly waiting to sign. Rockford Randall, chairman of the committee, said to our Correspondent (yes, it's the same one), "The two pictures we are seeking to have removed are positively indecent and disgusting. One of the figures is not wearing a necktie and one is pictured as wearing a pair of dirty cords. In the interests of art and public decency these pictures must come down."

The are department has not, as yet, made any reply to the committee, but since its startling declaration classes held in rooms 410 and 412 have become exceedingly popular. Yesterday the elevator was forced to make 40 trips in 3 hours to accommodate the crowds.

* * *



OUR MEN SHOULD KNOW
SERIES
No. 13

MURPHY FINKELSTEIN, dramatist. Well known in college circles and in most police headquarters. Graduated from Culvert (of which school he is an alumnus) in 1902, but never received his A. B. because he never wrote enough English compositions. Later associated with Salinas Plumbers' Union and started the recent art war in that city. Mr. Finkelstein's chief bid to fame is that he is the only Shakespearean dramatist that did not claim at least a speaking acquaintance with poor Yorick. "What this country really needs," said Murphy to our Correspondent, "is a good ten cent parking place." Mr. Finkelstein once was a big wheat speculator, but gave it up because the market went against his grain.

* * *

FAMOUS FIRST WORDS
Will you be my Valentine?

Patronize The Collegian Advertisers

Alumni

ALUMNI GRAND REUNION

On February the twentieth the College witnessed the largest Alumni gathering in years. Representative members from all over the State flocked to their Alma Mater in honor of the occasion.

One of the prime movers in the gathering was Jim Smith, '10, who sponsored the movement to present Slip Madigan with the latest model of the Buick Brougham; this was a token of recognition and appreciation of the Alumni for the work that "Slip" has done to restore Saint Mary's to her position as a leading contender for all athletic honors on the Coast.

In the evening there was a dinner at which talks were made by the President of the College, Brother Gregory, and Brother Agnon, who was the one Brother who had all the Alumni there gathered in class at some time; these two talks had to do with the appreciation of the faculty and students of the work done by the Alumni.

The reunion was a great success and served to show "Slip" that the Alumni are always behind him in any activity that will serve for the general good of their Alma Mater. Among those present were John C. Parsons, '86, and Peter McGlade, '88, two of the "oldest boys" there.

ALUMNI VS. PHOENIX

As part of the program for February the twentieth, there was scheduled a baseball game between the Phoenix and members of the Alumni. Due to heavy rains the game had to be postponed to the following Sunday. The game took place on the twenty-seventh and resulted in a victory for the Phoenix to the tune of 6-2. This game was directed by an Alumni Committee under the direction of Tim Canty, '23, and a Student Committee headed by Robert Farrell, '27. The purpose of these committees is to promote a more intimate association of the students with the Alumni, and evidence of work in this direction was shown in the game last Sunday. Members of the Alumni team were Tom Kelly, Frank Garcia, "Ducky" Grant, "Scotty" Nunes, Art Kardeza, Harry Hooper, Kelly Wales and Al Meuter. Others who played for the Alumni were Tawse and our own Victor Breslin.

ALUMNI UNIT OF FRESNO

Brother Agnon, representing the Faculty, and Timothy J. Canty, '23, representing the Alumni of the Bay District, were guests of the Fresno Alumni Unit at a dinner held on Sunday, February 27.

A. P. G. U. TO HANDLE THE HOLY WEEK PLAY

Having made a name for itself by its recent success in presenting Brother Leo before a large audience at the Saint Francis Hotel in San Francisco, the Alpha Pi Gamma Upsilon Literary Society of Saint Mary's College has been requested to handle the annual play that is to be given during Holy Week. After due consideration of the magnitude of the task and the huge amount of work that it entails, the A. P. G. U. Society has accepted the offer of Brother Gregory and will direct its efforts to the business end of "Everyman," which will be played at six performances around the bay district during Holy Week and possibly on Palm Sunday.

The student players of Saint Mary's have won quite a reputation for themselves since they have been staging a play each year at Eastertide, but it is felt that even more people should witness the productions every year than have in the past, so for that reason the A. P. G. U. is going to manage the play this year and advertise it sufficiently to pack the house at all performances. Since the players will work so hard and faithfully under the direction of Professors Hagerty and Le Fevre to make the play truly impressive, it is only right that all the theatre-goers of the bay district should have an opportunity of attending one of the productions of "Everyman," and the A. P. G. U. is going to supply this opportunity by efficient management.

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On and Off the Campus

R. F. FARRELL, Editor

A. BUXTON

M. CLONEY

SLIP MADIGAN HONORED BY ALUMNI AND FRIENDS

In spite of the heavy rains which caused the postponement of one of the main features of the occasion, namely, the baseball contest between the Phoenix Varsity and the Alumni nine, the latter composed of diamond stars of other years, "Madigan Day" was observed at Saint Mary's College on Sunday, February 20, with great ceremony.

The purpose of this celebration, held under the auspices of Saint Mary's Alumni, was to honor Edward P. "Slip" Madigan, and to show appreciation for the work he has done since taking charge of athletics at Saint Mary's College. "Slip" has been the important factor in the wonderful success that has crowned the athletic endeavors of our college in all sports during the past few years. Last year in particular Saint Mary's reached the greatest heights attainable by any college in the athletic world. Intercollegiate Baseball Champions of California, Far Western Conference Basketball Champions, and Far Western Conference Champions and undefeated in football, is a record of which any coach should be proud to boast.

The writer has a secret belief that two of "Slip's" life ambitions were fulfilled during the football season of 1926. The first was realized when the wearers of the Red and Blue emerged, bruised and happy, from California Memorial Stadium on the long end of a 26 to 7 victory over the highly-touted Golden Bear; and the other when the final gun scared the sea-gulls out of Kezar Stadium, and ended the Santa Clara-Saint Mary's football contest and an undefeated season, with a 7 to 0 victory for the Galloping Gaels. Thus it is that Coach Madigan is justly deserving of all honor that has been given him, and he certainly has a right to be proud of his triumphs.

However, while our coach justly deserves praise, due credit must be given the loyal Alumni who so appropriately expressed the sentiments of the students and friends of Saint Mary's. We proudly boast of that indefinable "Saint Mary's spirit," and justly so, for

anyone who failed to feel its influence after the manner in which it was manifested on "Madigan Day," by the "old boys," whose love for their Alma Mater increases and is enkindled anew as the years roll by, must certainly have something wrong with his heart. So, while "Slip" is the man to whom honor is due, Saint Mary's Alumni is the organization that knows how to bestow that honor.

The feature of the afternoon, and the most impressive ceremony of the day, was the presentation to Mr. Madigan of a beautiful Buick brougham. Mr. James Smith, in charge of the Alumni committee, officially presented the car in behalf of friends and admirers. His opening remarks were followed by words of heartfelt appreciation by Coach Madigan, and short talks by Brother Joseph, Brother Gregory, Brother Agnon, and others.

Undaunted by the fact that Jupiter Pluvius ruined what was to have been a great exhibition of the national pastime, just to show the versatility of the members of their teams, the Phoenix nad Alumni played a fast game of—well, for want of a better name, we'll say basketball. No one was seriously injured, but it was not long before the "old boys" began to show the wear and tear that Father Time demands of all earthly mortals. Consequently, the Phoenix left the field of battle victorious. Arbitration, however, failed to result in the publication of the score. But then, as we've often been told, sometimes rather emphatically, it's not the score that counts, but who won. The particular features of the thrill-crowded and hair-raising melee were the nose dives of Joe Knowles, the rent garments of Kelly Wales (who ought to be ashamed of himself at least), and the "heavynecking" antics of one member of the Alumni squad whose name the writer knoweth not. Mr. "Pesty" Ryan, "the Great Ryan of baseball fame," also furnished a thrill or two on his own hook, in the role of referee. During the course of the afternoon's entertainment he put up the signal for the "blow and run" play quite often. For the benefit of those who may not be familiar with this particular play, it can be explained by simply saying that

Referee Ryan would blow the whistle, toss up the ball and then run for safety followed by the plaudits of a vast crowd.

After Benediction, following the basketball contest, the remainder of the evening was pleasantly passed in the spacious banquet hall, which was filled to overflowing. As is the usual custom at such Alumni affairs, Brother Agnon was the center of attraction. However, we are still puzzled trying to determine just what affiliation that worthy member of our teaching staff has or has had with "sour apple trees." Perhaps when we grow older we'll understand. We must say, though, as perhaps Shakespeare might quote were he present to hear Brother Agnon on this occasion, that: "Age dulleth not his wit." In answer to the many entreaties of those who listened intently to his few remarks, this "noble Roman" finally consented to disclose the story of how he keeps his boyish enthusiasm and agility. But before the secret of perpetual youth was bared to the world some over-enthusiastic son of sunny Spain loudly shouted, "Viva Ponce de Leon." In proof of our synthetic Shakespearian quotation, Brother Agnon immediately retorted: "Yes, he fooled around Florida for a long time, but he didn't know where to look for that water-spout." Suffice to say that after this uncalled for interruption the secret remains forever lost to posterity.

With the conclusion of the program of speakers, "Madigan Day" came to a close. All those present left the college with an increased feeling of loyalty for the "old brick pile," and with the assurance that the existing co-operation between Coach Madigan and the Alumni will continue to bring glory to Saint Mary's in more ways than one in the future.

—R. F. F.

SAINT MARY'S UNANIMOUSLY ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP IN THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN COLLEGES

As our readers will remember, a short time ago there appeared in the Collegian an account of the investiga-

tion of our college, conducted by the representatives of the Association of American Colleges, for the purpose of considering the admission of Saint Mary's to membership in that organization. It was principally through the efforts of our former dean, Brother Lawrence, that this movement was brought about, and to him we owe a vote of thanks and congratulation for its success.

The inspectors who visited Saint Mary's were quite favorably impressed with our college, and in their reports were loud in their praises of the faculty and of the great educational opportunities that Saint Mary's offers.

The following letter explains definitely the action taken in the matter by the Association:

Office of the
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN
COLLEGES

Robert L. Kelly, Secretary
January 28, 1927.

Brother U. Gregory,
Saint Mary's College,
Oakland, Calif.

Mr dear Brother Gregory:

This is to advise you that by unanimous action of the Association, January 14, 1927, you are now a member in good and regular standing of the Association of American Colleges.

You will receive without charge three copies of the Association Bulletin throughout the year, one addressed to the President, one to the Dean, and one to the Library.

Hoping that you will find pleasure and profit in your new relationship, and assuring you that the Association exists for the mutual advantage of its members, I am

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) ROBERT L. KELLY.

To be admitted to this Association of Colleges means that as an institution of higher learning Saint Mary's College is now recognized on a par with the best colleges of America. However, this is not the goal of our ambitions. We hope, and feel assured, that it is but one of the steps in the ladder of progress that awaits the future endeavors of the new and greater Saint Mary's University.

—R. F. F.

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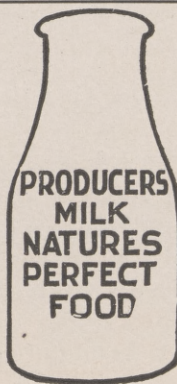
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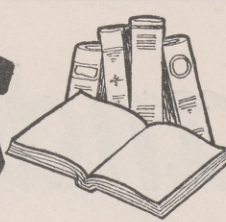
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Books



MARK AIKIN

THE ENGLISH TEACHERS' SAFETY VALVE

ENGLISH EVIDENCE

C. H. Ward

The Scott, Foresman Company,
New York, 1927

If you want concrete and abundant evidence that the teaching of English in our secondary schools is as difficult as figuring income tax, read "English Evidence." This book is the result of English teachers' testimonies from the summer session of the University of California for 1924, under the direction of Mr. C. H. Ward. It is the object of Mr. Ward in presenting this book to aid in solving the problems that usually confront those engaged in the teaching of English.

The book is composed of one hundred and eighty essays, contributed by some fifty-odd teachers, and is set forth in language that is direct if rather colloquial. These essays cover the majority of problems with which the English teacher has a contend, but aims at no definite solution. For instance, the essays are divided into sections, each of which deals with a special phase of English, as: "Preparing the Way to Literature," "Loving Literature," "Outside Reading," "Methods in

Oral Debate," "Better Speech Week," "Theme Topics," "Grammar," "Journalism," "Literary Societies," "Vocabulary," etc. In these the contributors give personal, informal accounts of their experience in conducting English classes. The essays are interesting and instructive, provided one has some knowledge of such problems, but even then, the book does not greatly help one to understand the art of teaching English.

It is the consensus of opinion among the majority of educators that it is impossible to attain success in the art of teaching by slavishly following the methods of others; rather, that method which is adapted to the individual instructor, and which comes partially through experience and knowledge of principles, is the best means to the desired result. Nevertheless, considerable value is to be derived from this group of essays, for they afford both teachers of students a few personal, sympathetic suggestions on problems that often tax the best qualities of the most eminent scholars.

—RALPH MARKO.

THE BOOK OF MODERN CATHOLIC VERSE

Compiled by Theodore Maynard
Henry Holt & Co., N. Y., 1926

Mr. Shane Leslie's "Anthology of Catholic Poets," which appeared early last year, has been criticized for focus-

ing too exclusively on the Catholicism of the poets, and not enough on the poetry. At any rate, no one will speak thus of Mr. Maynard's anthology, for with him, the criticism would seem almost to reverse itself. In this volume, the reader will come upon selections which range anywhere from drinking-songs to canticles—for as our author remarks, "God, and not the devil, presides over the festive board where Catholics sit." Perhaps, too, the casual reader will be surprised to find here such men as Oscar Wilde, Aubrey de Vere, and Lionel Johnson—not to mention others whom the world knows to be Catholic.

"The imaginative man," says Mr. Maynard, "cannot escape the fascination of Catholicism, and even the dull or ignorant man, who is impervious to it, lives in a civilization which is the fruit of the creed." Thus, Protestantism, with but one notable exception, i. e., Milton, has not produced poets. The reason, our author indicates, is that Protestantism is spiritually negative, and is positive only as a method of political or social organization. Nearly every one of the poets who has attained the heights in a Protestant world, has been a rebel against that world, and those who have been rebels, have preserved their spiritual dignity by ignoring the system under which they live.

Emerson once remarked that "The Catholic Church is the Church of poets,"—but he put a sting in the tail by adding, "Would that it were!" By which we may infer that he meant it

ought to be. "But it is the Church of poets, though some of the poets deserve heavy penances for the verses that they write. At least they would deserve heavy penances if skill in literary expression were the sole point at issue. But it is not. The pious verses that clutter up Catholic magazines, and more that is even too bad for such magazines, may be explained. They are bad simply because Catholicism is good. They are written by people who are in love—and we all know how atrocious love-poetry generally is! Catholicism is poetry, and for that very reason the poet finds a difficulty in being able to convey it. He experiences real emotion, which gets in his way when he starts to write. For though all good poems are the fruit of emotion, a great many of the world's worst poems are also the fruit of an emotion too vague, or vast, or intense for the amateur to control, and direct to an artistic end."

Certainly, here at last is an anthology with which both critics and Catholics may well be pleased. For besides reprinting many poems which have already become classic, this volume is rich in those trifling selections, which are nevertheless, so delightful. Of these, one of the happiest is a little thought of Father Tabb's—To a Songster:

Oh little bird, I'd be
A poet like to thee,
Singing my native song—
Brief to the ear, but long
To love and memory.

—M. A.

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